

Rebel music

Bob Marley & The Wailers

I, rebel music
I, rebel music
Why can't we roam this open country?
Oh, why can't we be what we want to be?
We want to be free

Three o'clock roadblock, curfew
And I've got to throw away
Yes, I've got to throw away
Yes, I've got to throw away
My little herb stalk

I, rebel music
I, rebel music

Take my soul and cuss me out
Check my life if I am in doubt
Three o'clock, roadblock
And, hey, Mr. Cop, ain't got no
(What you say down there?)
Ain't got no birth certificate on me now

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